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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Don Juan. Cantos IX. X. XI.*

WE observed in a note to our account of the three preceding Cantos of *Don Juan*, that several additional volumes would soon follow. We shall endeavour in our present and succeeding numbers to convey some notion of the first of them, consisting of the Cantos enumerated in our heading. The task is difficult, for in no previous portion of this indescribable production is the sarcasm more caustic, the wit more pungent and volatile, or the general taxing more uncircumscribed. In the course of these Cantos, too, the all-conquering Juan is brought to our own best of all possible countries, and introduced to the *haut ton* and *Blues* of London—a field altogether uncultivated by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and therefore peculiarly demanding the attention of an inflexible and *impartial* moralist like the author of *Don Juan*. Moreover, if the physician be able, the benefit is always in proportion to the docility of the patient in respect to the prescription; and notwithstanding the doubts of the Chancellor, and the pious deprecation of various less eminent personages, there is much reason to fear, that people of quality swallow doses of *Don Juan* with more avidity than religious tracts, or even Mr. Irving's sermons.

All the world knows by this time\* that the termination of Canto VIII. left *Don Juan* in his way to St. Petersburg, with the dispatches of Suwarrow, announcing the storm and capture of Ismail. As every

\* This is a great grievance, considering the variety of disinterested and candid criticism which is elicited by every succeeding publication. One Aristarchus discovers, that "all the attic fire is fled," owing doubtless to the predilection of his Lordship (the *Lord* cannot be altogether got over) for low company! A second laments so injurious an application of fine powers; and recommends the poet, in respect to sentiment and subject, to follow the lead of Mrs. Hemans! A third is shocked by a singular sort of compound rhymes, never having discovered any thing of the kind in *Hudibras*!—and ALL protesting against so much licence, and, in a kind of chorus, *Mother Cole-ing* on the subject, with uplifted hands and eyes, supply copious extracts! Is it not in the *Siege of Belgrade*, that an old hypocritical Turkish Cadi thus soliloquises over a supper table, to which he had found his way uninvited?—

*Useph.* Oh, the Christian dogs!—eat pork!

(*Dangling a slice of ham on a fork and swallowing it*)

And drink wine too!

(*Holding up the bottle, and tipping off a bumper.*)

That son of drollery, Suett, used to represent this Turkish vice-suppressor with infinite humour, but after all with less *onction* and gravity than the devout and critical scribes, to whom we have been especially alluding.

body in this philosophical age has studied the laws which govern the association of ideas, no surprise will be experienced when we add that Canto IX. commences with an address to the Duke of Wellington. The Muse is by no means in a good humour with his Grace, who it must be confessed is in rather higher favour with the governors than the governed of every country—and with Mars (some say *Fortune*) than with Apollo. A part of the poet's opinion is expressed thus:—

Though Britain owes (and pays you too) so much,  
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly more:  
You have repaired Legitimacy's crutch,  
A prop not quite so certain as before:  
The Spanish, and the French, as well as Dutch,  
Have seen, and felt, how strongly you *restore*;  
And Waterloo has made the world your debtor—  
(I wish your bards would sing it rather better.)

A somewhat too great an anxiety to keep a profitable Dr. and Cr. account with his country, is also mentioned:—

Great men have always scorned great recompenses:  
Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and died,  
Not leaving even his funeral expenses:  
George Washington had thanks and nought beside,  
Except the all cloudless Glory (which few men's is)  
To free his country: Pitt too had his pride,  
And as a high-soul'd Minister of State is  
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.  
Never had mortal man such opportunity,  
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:  
You might have freed fall'n Europe from the Unity  
Of Tyrants, and been blest from shore to shore;  
And *now*—what *is* your fame?

The answer is summed up in the following couplet:—

You *did* great things; but not being *great* in mind,  
Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and mankind.

Nine or ten stanzas follow in the way of digression, upon Life, and Death, and Doubt, and Existence, which not being very extractable we shall pass over, with the exception of two, which bespeak their author and nobody else:—

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is theology?  
Oh! thou too mortal Man! what is philanthropy?  
Oh! World, which was and is, what is Cosmogony?  
Some people have accused me of Misanthropy;  
And yet I know no more than the mahogany  
That forms this desk, of what they mean;—*Lykanthropy*  
I comprehend, for without transformation  
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.  
But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,  
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er  
Done any thing exceedingly unkind,—  
And (though I could not now and then forbear  
Following the bent of body or of mind)  
Have always had a tendency to spare,—  
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because  
*They hate me, not I them*:—And here we'll pause.

We now take up Don Juan, who proceeds to St. Petersburg, certainly not by the nearest road; a fact which induces the author thus to correct himself:—

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:  
 "The time is out of joint,"—and so am I;  
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,  
 And deviate into matters rather dry.  
 I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I call  
 Much too poetical: Men should know why  
 They write, and for what end; but, note or text,  
 I never know the word which will come next.

Juan however finally reaches "that pleasant capital of painted  
 snows," and proceeds to court:—

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;  
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long plume  
 Waving, like sails new shivered in a storm,  
 Over a cocked hat, in a crowded room,  
 And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn Gorme,  
 Of yellow cassimere we may presume,  
 White stockings drawn uncurdled as new milk  
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk.

His presentation at court, and the manner in which the Empress  
 received the good news of which he was bearer, are in excellent  
 keeping:—

Catherine, I say, was very glad to see  
 The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat  
 Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel  
 With his dispatch, forgot to break the seal.  
 Then recollecting the whole Empress, nor  
 Forgetting quite the woman (which composed  
 At least three parts of this great whole) she tore  
 The letter open with an air which posed  
 The Court, that watched each look her visage wore,  
 Until a Royal smile at length disclosed  
 Fair weather for the day. Though rather spacious,  
 Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth gracious.  
 Great joy was her's, or rather joys; the first  
 Was a ta'en city—thirty thousand slain.  
 Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,  
 As an East Indian Sunrise on the main.  
 These quenched a moment her Ambition's thirst—  
 So Arab Deserts drink in Summer's rain:  
 In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless sands,  
 Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands!  
 Her next amusement was more fanciful;  
 She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes, who threw  
 Into a Russian couplet rather dull  
 The whole gazette of thousands whom he slew.  
 Her third was feminine enough to annul  
 The shudder which runs naturally through  
 Our veins, when things called Sovereigns think it best  
 To kill, and Generals turn it into jest.

The important result of this interview is pleasantly related in the fol-  
 lowing extract:—

Her Majesty looked down, the Youth looked up—  
 And so they fell in love:—She with his face,  
 His grace, his God-knows-what: for Cupid's cup  
 With the first draught intoxicates apace,  
 A quintessential laudanum or "black drop,"  
 Which makes one drunk at once, without the base  
 Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye  
 In love drinks all life's fountains (save tears) dry.

He, on the other hand, if not in love,  
 Fell into that no less imperious passion,  
 Self-love—which, when some sort of Thing above  
 Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in fashion,  
 Or duchess, princess, Empress, “deigns to prove”  
 (“Tis Pope’s phrase) a great longing, tho’ a rash one,  
 For one especial person out of many,  
 Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

\* \* \* \*

The whole Court melted into one wide whisper,  
 And all lips were applied unto all ears!  
 The elder ladies wrinkles curled much crisper  
 As they beheld; the younger cast some leers  
 On one another, and each lovely lisper  
 Smiled as she talked the matter o’er; but tears  
 Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye  
 Of all the standing army who stood by.

All this ends in the formal appointment of Don Juan to a “high official situation,” with which intimation, Canto IX. concludes.

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*The Orlando Furioso. Translated into English Verse, with Notes.*

*By William Stewart Rose.*

Italian Literature is re-assuming in Great Britain the predominance which it bore previously to the invasion of the French School, and the almost total reversal of English taste that followed the “Happy Restoration.” From Chaucer down to Milton the Italian Muses indisputably took the lead in the literary associations of Englishmen; and it is only necessary to study Spenser, and all our older dramatists, not excepting Shakespear himself, to be satisfied that we followed modern Italy even more than Greece or Rome. The long reign and truly Gallic ascendancy of Louis XIV, the Emperor Alexander of his day in respect to the monarchical principle and legitimacy, naturally made French literary ideas prevail in a country, whose kings and ministers were his pensioners. We scarcely need add, that French conquest universally implies impoverishment, whether it be over national prosperity or national intellect; and such it proved in England. We are by no means satisfied, that the prevalence of any national school is desirable; but it cannot be denied that in getting beyond the frigid pale of French criticism, and returning to our own more native culture, we seem materially to have recovered our decayed relish of the leading Italian originals. Secondary causes have no doubt assisted this result, especially the reopening of the continent after so long an interdiction; but whether it be a natural revival or the hot-bed growth of temporary circumstances, Italian classics were never more diligently cultivated than at this moment. Two obvious consequences have arisen from this; an innumerable quantity of English composition upon the model of the Italian; and an ambition to produce competent versions of Italian originals. It was not in the nature of things that Hoole should remain the English gentleman-usher of Ariosto for ever, or that with Italian quotation eternally on our lips, we should not aim at translations more worthy of the genius of the country which produced, and of the poetical character of that which adopted.

Among the great Italian originals, Ariosto has undoubtedly fared the worst in the important article of English translation; for in reference

to Tasso, Fairfax was a giant compared with Sir John Harrington, the early translator of the former. It was well observed by Mr. L. Hunt, in the introduction to his version of the episode of Cloridan and Medoro, that no apology was necessary for the attempt to translate Ariosto, for nothing which conveyed any notion of the original existed in the English language. A very similar observation is made by Mr. Stewart Rose, whose version of the six first cantos of the Orlando Furioso has just appeared. In a neat introduction he briefly discusses the merits of Harrington, Huggins, Hoole, &c. none of whom, with a slight exception in favour of the first, possessed the qualifications required for the translator of an original so gracefully, so variously, and so indescribably gifted. In addition to the absence of all poetry in the version of Hoole, Mr. Rose thinks that no notion can be conveyed of Ariosto, but in his own *ottava rima*, in which opinion he coincides with Lord Byron, who hints at the necessity, while he states the difficulty, in the introduction to his first Canto of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, which we noticed last week. Mr. Rose has in fact given stanza for stanza, and thus describes his motive:—

“My reasons for so religious, some may think so superstitious, an observance of my author’s text have, at least, not been hastily adopted. A long consideration of the means through which he wrought, has convinced me that many strong or beautiful effects produced by him result out of an accumulation of circumstances, which, though they may appear of little value taken separately, are to be esteemed important as conducing, each in its place, to the main object of the poet. In this particularity he bears a striking resemblance to Defoe. The Furioso moreover often pleases as a whole, where it offends in part, and, notwithstanding many defects, is perhaps the poetical work which is oftenest re-perused with pleasure. Among the many things which have probably contributed to this, may be remarked Ariosto’s frequent sacrifice of force to truth; which (to take a short instance) I should say was illustrated by Pinabel’s narration of the loss of his lady, in the second canto, where some may be inclined to think that the poet overtalks himself, and many might wish to see the infusion of a spirit, which would perhaps be out of harmony with the circumstances. He is often also studious of what the artists call a repose, and upon which a translator should be most cautious never to intrude. These are some of the reasons why I have followed my leader so warily, and have never intentionally deviated from the print of his steps.

“I am, however, well aware that a very weighty objection may be made to a translation so close as that which I present to the reader. It may be said, that a simplicity of diction, which is pleasing in the Italian, is only to be endured in a less perfect language, when seasoned by the addition of some grace, congenial with the spirit of that into which it is transfused: and hence that to translate the Furioso faithfully into English, would be, to borrow a metaphor used somewhere by Alfieri, to transfer an air from the harp to the hurdy-gurdy.

“There is, undoubtedly, great force in this reasoning and illustration. To this, however, I will oppose, in the way of question, *another* illustration which is drawn from a sister art. Would a real lover of Raphael prefer a copy of one of his pictures, which, though well painted, did not convey a true idea of his colouring, or a print of it carefully executed, which gave, at least, a faithful idea of the design? To those who would choose the engraving I offer the following translation.

“That it is diligently executed, I may venture to assert; for, mistrusting a hasty mode of reading and a facility of composition, I have sought to guard against the faults incidental to these habits, by frequent and attentive correction. I have, with this view, submitted every sheet of my present translation to judicious English and Italian friends; have carefully, if not impartially, weighed their objections, and revised my translation more than once by a close comparison with the original.”

In the particulars for which Mr. Rose more especially claims credit, we are convinced that the severest critic will give it him, especially in that of strict faithfulness to his original. Whether this rigid fidelity in one respect may not occasionally detract from the freedom, grace, and

spirit which are equally essential to a due feeling of him altogether, may be doubted. However this may be, there is certainly no version of Ariosto at present in the English language, to which that of Mr. Rose is not decidedly superior; and unless some great original poet should undertake one, which is not likely, and if likely, would probably lead to something very good which was *not* Ariosto—we are of opinion that nothing superior is to be expected.

As a brief specimen of the stanza and execution of Mr. Rose, we select his translation of the beautiful theft of Ariosto from the epithalamium of Manlius and Julia, of Cutullus:—

- “ The virgin has her image in the rose  
 “ Sheltered in garden on its native stock,  
 “ Which there in solitude and safe repose,  
 “ Blooms unapproached by shepherd or by flock.  
 “ For this earth teems, and freshening water flows,  
 “ And breeze and dewy dawn their sweets unlock :  
 “ With such the wishful youth his bosom dresses,  
 “ With such the enamoured damsel braids her tresses.  
 “ But wanton hands no sooner this displace  
 “ From the maternal stem, where it was grown,  
 “ Than all is withered ; whatsoever grace  
 “ It found with man or heaven ; bloom, beauty, gone.  
 “ The damsel who should hold in higher place  
 “ Than light or life the flower which is her own,  
 “ Suffering the spoiler’s hand to crop the prize,  
 “ Forfeits her worth in every other’s eyes.”

Mr. Rose very recently translated the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo; so that if he finish Ariosto, and Lord Byron conclude the *Morgante*, the whole tissue of Italian poetry connected with the great work of Ariosto will be rendered into English.

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*Flora Domestica ; or the Portable Flower Garden.*

We have seldom taken up a volume more happy in the conception, and more tasteful and elegant in the execution, than the present. It is one of those minor thoughts, the value of which consists in the exquisiteness of the management, just as the skill of the artist will raise the intrinsic value of his material ten thousand fold. *Flora Domestica* simply professes to give directions for the treatment of plants in pots, and to relieve the detail by a free use of poetical illustration; but in so doing, all the world will perceive that manner is every thing, and that in addition to literary precision in nomenclature, etymology, and accuracy in regard to culture and preservation, the value of such a book must consist in a strong muster of pleasing associations and reminiscences. The preface itself is a light and elegant piece of flower-painting; and from first to last we recognize in *Flora Domestica* an admirable parlour window book, especially for that sex to whom the guardianship of the flower-pot is usually entrusted. We cannot do better than supply a specimen.

HONEYSUCKLE.—*Lonicera*.

(Caprifoliæ.)

(Pentandria monogynia.)

This botanical name was given by Plumier, in honour of Adam Lonicer, a physician of Frankfort.—*French*, chevre feuille des bois (wood honeysuckle); mair sauvage; pantacoste sauvage; both signifying wild honeysuckle.—*Italian*, caprifoglio; madreselva; vinci-bosco; lega-bosco; periclimeno.—*English*, honeysuckle; suckling; caprifoly; woodbine, or woodbind.

Few flowers have been more admired or cultivated than the honeysuckle. The European languages seem to vie with each other in the number of names bestowed on this beautiful favourite; but the German has outstript all the rest in reference to this plant, as well as most others, the greatest part of them having in that language at least a dozen common names. There are many species of honeysuckle, and of most of the species several varieties; but as they are invariably beautiful, any that can be reared with success in a pot will be valuable. They will live in the open air, and in dry summer weather should be liberally watered every evening.

The common English honeysuckle is also called woodbind or woodbine:

“So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist.”

“Shakspeare seems here to have distinguished the honeysuckle from the woodbine,” says Mr. Martyn. Yet in *Much Ado about Nothing* he uses either name indiscriminately:

“And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter.”

\* \* \* \* \*

———“Beatrice, who e’en now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.”

“Milton,” observes Mr. Martyn, “seems to have mistaken it, when he gives it the name of eglantine, and distinguishes it from sweetbriar, since the sweetbriar is itself the eglantine:

“Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.”

Shakspeare justly distinguishes the two:

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows;  
O’ercanopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.”

In *Comus*, Milton speaks of it by its proper name:

“I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied and interwove,  
And flaunting honeysuckle.”

And by the name of woodbine in his *Paradise Lost*:

“Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,  
In yonder spring of roses, intermixed  
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.”

The rambling nature of the honeysuckle is usually its chief characteristic in poetry:

“You’ll find some books in the arbour, on the shelf,  
Half hid by wandering honeysuckle.”

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“And there the frail, perfuming woodbine strayed,  
Winding its slight arms round the cypress bough,  
And, as in female trust, seemed there to grow,  
Like woman’s love ’midst sorrow flourishing.”—BARRY CORNWALL.

Cowper evidently alludes here to the wild woodbine in our hedges, which is sometimes nearly white:

“Copious of flowers, the woodbine pale and wan,  
But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never-cloying odours, early and late.”

Chaucer repeatedly introduces the woodbine, for arbours, garlands, &c. and in one passage makes it an emblem of fidelity, like the violet:

“And tho’ that there were chapèlets on their hede  
Of fresh wode-bind be such as never were  
To love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,  
But ay stedfast, ne for plesaunce ne fere,  
Tho’ that they shudde their hertis all to tere,

Woud never flit, but evir were stedfast  
Till that ther livis there assunder brast."

*The Floure and the Leaf.*

The honeysuckle varies in colour, not only the different species, but even different blossoms on the same tree; some are beautifully dashed with white and crimson, others are variegated with shades of purple, or yellow, or both: thus its colour is seldom described. Philips notices its colours in one of his pastorals:

"And honeysuckles of a purple dye."

Varying as it does in colour, all the different kinds are brought at once before us by this half-line, from the *Story of Rimini*:

———"The suckle's streaky light."

Works of this kind are not exalted in their genus, but, ably executed, shew the hand of the master (or, as in this instance, we suspect,—the *mistress*) more than loftier subjects; and we are satisfied that *Flora Domestica* has been got together by a superintending mind of no common pretension.

### JUDGING OF PICTURES.

PAINTERS assume that none can judge of pictures but themselves. Many do this avowedly, some by implication, and all in practice. They exclaim against any one writing about art who has not served his apprenticeship to the craft, who is not versed in the detail of its mechanism. This has often put me a little out of patience—but I will take patience, and say why.

In the first place, with regard to the productions of living artists, painters have no right to speak at all. The way in which they are devoured and consumed by envy would be ludicrous if it were not lamentable. It is folly to talk of the divisions and backbitings of authors and poets while there are such people as painters in the world. I never in the whole course of my life heard one speak in hearty praise of another. Generally they blame downrightly—but at all events their utmost applause is with a damning reservation. Authors—even poets, the *genus irritabile*—do taste and acknowledge the beauties of the productions of their competitors; but painters either cannot see them through the green spectacles of envy, or seeing, they hate and deny them the more. In conformity with this, painters are more greedy of praise than any other order of men. "They gorge the little fame they get all raw"—they are gluttonous of it in their own persons in the proportion in which they would starve others.

I once knew a very remarkable instance of this. A friend of mine had written a criticism of an exhibition. In this were mentioned in terms of the highest praise the works of two brothers—sufficiently so, indeed, to have satisfied, one would have thought, the most insatiate. I was going down into the country to the place where these brothers lived, and I was asked to be the bearer of the work in which the critique appeared. I was so, and sent a copy to each of them. Some days afterwards I called on one of them, who began to speak of the review of his pictures. He expressed some thanks for what was said of them, but complained that the writer of it had fallen into a very common error under which he had often suffered—the confounding, namely, his pictures with his brother's. "Now, my dear sir," continued he, "what is said of me is all very well, but here," turning to the high-wrought panegyric on his brother, "this is all in allusion to my style—

this is all with reference to my pictures—this is all meant for me.” I could hardly help exclaiming before the man’s face. The praise which was given to himself was such as would have called a blush to any but a painter’s face to speak of; but, not content with this, he insisted on appropriating his brother’s also: How insatiate is the pictorial man!

But to come to the more general subject—I deny *in toto* and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures. What is a picture meant for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of painters? that is, of one man in ten thousand?—No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all. If a picture be admired by none but painters, I think it is strong presumption that the picture is bad. A painter is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events. Every body sees as well as him whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill. All that the painter can do more than the *lay* spectator, is to tell *why* and *how* the merits and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening incorrect. He then points out to me whence the blemish arises; but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am. In Hogarth’s “Frontispiece” I see that the whole business is absurd; for a man on a hill two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me—he tells me that it is from a want of perspective, that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me *why* the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saying “The picture is bad” as he is. To take a coarse illustration, but one most exactly apposite, I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad,—whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable.—It is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr. Kitchener and Mr. Ude. But it needs a cook to tell one *why* it is bad; that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t’other—that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little—these things, the wherefores, as ‘Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me,—but the point in debate—the worth or the bad quality of the painting or potage, I am as well able to decide upon as any he who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming-ladle.

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetry of painting—I deny still more peremptorily the exclusiveness of the initiated. It might be as well said, that none but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy. Nay, there is more plausibility in the one than the other. No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind. It need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyze. Now in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may know what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despair, without being able to draw a straight line—and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so judging. A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poet’s mind to conceive: Very well,—but then they need a

draughtsman's hand to execute. Now he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself. I am far from saying that *any* one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class. It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble, or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects which they present—but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves.

There is one point, even, on which painters usually judge worse of pictures than the general spectator; I say usually, for there are *some* painters who are too thoroughly intellectual to run into the error of which I am about to speak. I mean that they are apt to overlook the higher and more mental parts of a picture, in their haste to criticise its mechanical properties. They forget the *expression*, in being too mindful of what is more strictly manual. They talk of such a colour being skilfully or unskillfully put in opposition to another, rather than of the moral contrast of the countenances of a group. They say that the flesh-tints are well brought out, before they speak of the face which the flesh forms. To use a French term of much condensation, they think of the *physique* before they bestow any attention on the *morale*.

I am the farthest in the world from falling into the absurdity of upholding that painters should neglect the mechanical parts of their profession; for without a mastery in them it would be impossible to body forth any imaginations, however strong or beautiful. I only wish that they should not overlook the end to which these are the means—and give them an undue preference over that end itself. Still more I object to their arrogating to the possessors of these qualities of hand and eye all power of judging that which is conveyed through the physical vision into the inward soul.

On looking over what I have written, I find that I have used some expressions with regard to painters as a body which may make it appear that I hold them in light esteem; whereas no one can admire their art, or appreciate their pursuit of it, more highly than I do. Of what I have said, however, with regard to their paltry denial of each other's merits, I cannot bate them an ace. I appeal to all those who are in the habit of associating with painters to say whether my assertion be not correct. And why should they do this?—surely the field is wide enough. Haydon and Wilkie can travel to fame together without ever jostling each other by the way. Surely there are parallel roads which may be followed, each leading to the same point—but neither crossing or trenching upon one another.

The Art of Painting is one equally delightful to the eye and to the mind. It has very nearly the reality of dramatic exhibition, and has permanence, which that is wholly without. We may gaze at a picture, and pause to think, and turn and gaze again. The art is inferior to poetry in magnitude of extent and succession of detail—but its power over any one point is far superior: it seizes it, and figures it forth in corporeal existence if not in bodily life. It gives to the eye the physical semblance of those figures which have floated in vagueness in the mind. It condenses indistinct and gauzy visions into palpable forms—as, in the story, the morning mist gathered into the embodying a spirit. But shall it be said that the enchanter alone can judge of the enchantment

—that none shall have an eye to see, and a heart to feel, unless he have also a hand to execute? Alas, our inherent perceptions give the lie to this. As I used to go to the Louvre, day after day, to glut myself and revel in the congregated genius of pictorial ages, would any one convince me that it was necessary to be able to paint that I might duly appreciate a picture?

### EVE AND THE SERPENT.

DR. BARNET, the author of the *Theory of the Earth*, who was Chaplain in Ordinary to King William, and an intimate friend of Archbishop Tillotson, seems to have had some talent for dramatic composition, if we may judge from the following extract from his *Archæologiæ Philosophicæ*, where he examines the Mosaic account of the creation with some freedom, but with all the gravity and decorum which the subject demands:—

“ It happened that Eve was sitting alone under the tree, the fruit of which God had forbidden her and her husband to taste, under pain of death, when a Serpent or Snake, which was by some means or other endowed with a singular faculty for conversation, came up, and, if we may judge from the result, addressed her in a winning way to the following effect:—

*Serpent.* How do you do, my dear? You are excessively pretty; what are you doing under the shade of this tree, so lonely and pensive?

*Eve.* I was thinking what a pretty tree it is.

*Serpent.* It is extremely pretty; but the fruit is the finest part of all: have you tasted it, my dear?

*Eve.* Oh dear! no; God has forbidden us to eat of this tree.

*Serpent.* What do I hear! What sort of a God must this be who grudges his creatures such innocent and natural pleasures? Nothing can be sweeter or more wholesome than this fruit. What but a ridiculous injunction prevents you from enjoying it?

*Eve.* I am forbidden under pain of death.

*Serpent.* You must certainly misunderstand the thing; there is nothing deadly in the fruit of this tree; on the contrary, the flavour is divine, and exalts us to a more than common degree of enjoyment.

*Eve.* I don't know how to answer you, but I'll go to my husband, and take his advice about it.

*Serpent.* Why should you consult him about such a trifle? Follow your own excellent judgment.

*Eve.* Shall I venture? Well, it is a remarkably fine apple—how sweet it smells, too; but perhaps the taste is nasty.

*Serpent.* Believe me, it has an exquisite flavour; an angel might make his dessert upon it. Just make the trial, and if you don't like the taste, throw it away, and never take my word again: I stake my veracity upon the result.

*Eve.* I declare I'll try.—(*She bites it.*)—Well, the taste is indeed delightful, and you're an honest Snake. Just reach me another, and I'll take it to my husband.

*Serpent.* Apropos! here's another for your husband; go, and give it to him. Farewell, my darling.—(*Aside.*) In the mean time, I'll glide away, and let her finish the rest of the business.

The annexed text will shew the fidelity of the version:—

Accidit vero Evam, sedentem sub hac arbore seorsim à viro, ut accideret Serpens vel Coluber, qui, nescio quâ facultate, his vel hujusmodi verbis, si rem ex eventu judicemus, blande compellavit fœminam.

*Serp.* Salve, pulcherrima; quid rerum agis sub hâc umbrâ, sola et seria?

*Ev.* Ego hujus arboris pulchritudinem contemplor.

*Serp.* Jucundum quidem spectaculum, sed multo jucundiores fructus. Gustastis, mea domina?

*Ev.* Minimè vero; Deus nobis interdixit esu hujus arboris.

*Serp.* Quid audio? Quis iste Deus qui suis invidet innocuas naturæ delicias? Nihil suavius, nihil salubrius hoc fructu. Quamobrem interdicare, nisi per legem ludicram?

*Ev.* Quin imo sub pœna mortis interdixit.

*Serp.* Rem male capis procul dubio. Nihil habet mortiferi hæc arbor, sed potius divini aliquid et supra vires communis naturæ.

*Ev.* Ego non habeo quod tibi respondiam, sed adibo virum, et quod illi visum fuerit, faciam.

*Serp.* Quid virum interpellas de re tantillâ? Utere ingenio tuo.

*Ev.* Utarne? Quid pulchrius hoc pomo! quam suavè redolet! Sed forsàn malè sapit.

*Serp.* Est esca, crede mihi, angelis non indigna; fac periculum, et si malè sapit, rejicito; et me insuper habeto pro mendacissimo.

*Ev.* Experiar. Est quidem gratissimi saporis; non me fefellisti. Porrige huc alterum, viro afferam.

*Serp.* Commodum meministi, en tibi alterum; adi virum; vale, beatula. Ego intera elabar—illa curet cætera.

### CHARACTER OF BURKE.

THE following is the passage from the paper called "Arguing in a Circle," in the Fourth Number of the *Liberal*, for which we had not room last week among our specimens of that work:—

"Mr. Burke was much of a theatrical man. I do not mean that his high-wrought enthusiasm or vehemence was not natural to him; but the direction that he gave to it was exceedingly capricious and arbitrary. It was for some time a doubtful question which way he should turn with respect to the French Revolution, whether for or against it. His pride took the alarm, that so much had been done with which he had nothing to do, and that a great empire had been overturned with his favourite engines, wit and eloquence, while he had been reforming the "turn-spit of the king's kitchen," in set speeches far superior to the occasion. Rousseau and the Encyclopædists had lamentably got the start of him; and he was resolved to drag them back somehow by the heels, and bring what they had effected to an untimely end,—

"Undoing all, as all had never been."

"The 'Reflections on the French Revolution' was a spiteful and dastard but too successful attempt to *put a spoke in the wheels* of knowledge and progressive civilization, and throw them back for a century and a half at least. In viewing the change in the prospects of society, in producing which he had only a slight and indirect hand by his efforts in the cause of American freedom, he seemed to say, with Iago in the play,—

"Though that their joy be joy,  
Yet will I contrive  
To throw such changes of vexations on it,  
As it may lose some colour."

He went beyond his own most sanguine hopes, but did not live to witness their final accomplishment, by seeing France literally "blotted out of the map of Europe." He died in the most brilliant part of Buonaparte's victorious and captain-like campaigns in Italy. If it could have been foreseen what an "ugly customer" he was likely to prove, the way would have been to have bribed his vanity (a great deal stronger than his interest) over to the other side, by asking his opinion; and, indeed, he has thrown out pretty broad hints in the early stage of his hostility, and before the unexpected success of the French arms, and the whizzing arrows flung at him by his old friends and new antagonists had stung him to madness, that the great error of the National Assembly was in not having consulted able and experienced heads on this side the water, as to demolishing the old, and constructing the new edifice. If he had been employed to lay the first stone, or to assist, by an inaugural dissertation, at the baptism of the new French Constitution, the fabric of the Revolution would thenceforth have arisen,—

"Like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumery,"

without let or molestation from his tongue or pen. But he was overlooked. He was not called from his closet, or from his place in the House (where, it must be confessed, he was out of his place) to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm;" and therefore he tried, like some malicious hag, to urge the veering gale into a hurricane; to dash the labouring vessel of the state in pieces, and make shipwreck of the eternal jewel of man's happiness, which it had on board—Liberty. The stores of practical and speculative knowledge which he had been for years collecting and digesting, and for which he had no use at home, were not called into play abroad. His genius had hitherto been always too mighty for the occasion; but here his utmost grasp of intellect would hardly have been sufficient to grapple with it. What an opportunity was lost! Something, therefore, was to be done, to relieve the galling sense of disappointed ambition and mortified self-consequence. Our political *Busy-body* turned *Marplot*; and maliciously, and like a felon, strangled the babe that he was not professionally called in to swaddle, and dandle, and bring to maturity. He had his revenge: but so must others have their's on his memory.

"Burke was not an honest man. There was always a *dash* of insincerity, a sinister bias in his disposition. We see, from the Letters that passed between him and his two brothers, and Barry the painter, that there was constantly a balancing of self-interest and principle in his mind; a thanking of God that he was in no danger of yielding to temptation yet, as if it were a doubtful or ticklish point; and a patient, pensive expectation of place and emolument, till he could reconcile it with integrity and fidelity to his party; which might easily be construed into a querulous hankering after it, and an opinion that this temporary self denial implied a considerable sacrifice on his part, or that he displayed no small share of virtue in not immediately turning knave. All this, if narrowly looked into, has a very suspicious appearance. Burke, with all his capricious wildness and flighty impulses, was a self-seeker, and more constant in his enmities than in his friendships. He bore malice, and did not forgive to the last. His cold, sullen behaviour to Fox, who shed tears when they had a quarrel in the House,

and his refusal to see him afterwards, when the latter came to visit him on his death-bed, will for ever remain a stigma on his memory. He was, however, punished for his fault. In his latter writings, he complains bitterly of the solitariness of his old age, and of the absence of the friends of his youth—whom he had deserted.—This is natural justice, and the tribute due to Apostacy. A man may carry over his own conscience to the side of his vanity or interest, but he cannot expect, at the same time, to carry over along with him all those with whom he has been connected in thought and action, and whose society he will miss, sooner or later. Mr. Burke could hardly hope to find, in his casual, awkward, unaccountable intercourse with such men as Pitt or Dundas, amends for the loss of his old friends, Fox and Sheridan, to whom he was knit not only by political ties, but by old habitudes, lengthened recollections, and a variety of common studies and pursuits. Pitt was a mere politician; Dundas, a mere worldling. What would they care about him, and his “winged words”? *No more of talk* about the meetings at Sir Joshua’s—the *Noctes canæque Deûm*; about the fine portraits of that great colourist; about Johnson or Goldsmith, or Dunning or Barrè; or their early speeches; or the trying times in the beginning of the American war; or the classic taste and free-born spirit of Greece and Rome;—

“The beautiful was vanished and returned not.”

Perhaps, indeed, he would wish to forget most of these, as ungrateful topics; but when a man seeks for repose in oblivion of himself, he had better seek it where he will soonest find it,—in the grave! Whatever the talents, or the momentary coincidence of opinion of his new allies, there would be a want of previous sympathy between them. Their notions would not amalgamate, or they would not be sure that they did. Every thing would require to be explained, to be reconciled. There would be none of the freedom of habitual intimacy. Friendship, like the clothes we wear, becomes the easier from custom. New friendships do not sit well on old or middle age. Affection is a science, to which it is too late to serve an apprenticeship after a certain period of life. This is the case with all patched-up, conventional intimacies; but it is worse when they are built on inveterate hostility and desertion from an opposite party, where their naturally crude taste is embittered by jealousy and rankling wounds. We think to exchange old friends and connections for new ones, and to be received with an additional welcome for the sacrifice we have made; but we gain nothing by it but the contempt of those whom we have left, and the suspicions of those whom we have joined. By betraying a cause, and turning our backs on a principle, we forfeit the esteem of the honest, and do not inspire one particle of confidence or respect in those who may profit by and pay us for our treachery.”

## SONNET.

(THE IDEA PARTLY SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN SACONTALA.)

What prompts the tear, the involuntary sigh,  
 The far dim dreams that float in mingling maze,  
 And sweetly make us mourn we know not why  
 While music breathes the balm of happy lays,  
 Or spring returns, or evening paints the sky?—  
 Fond memory holds the scenes of early days,—  
 The heart is as the harp of harmony  
 That strikes upon its cords a thousand ways:  
 Yet are such feelings scarce of this,—or springing  
 From earthly origin, but seem to flow  
 From some dear source to which our souls are clinging  
 Where we have been or whither we would go;  
 Surely the babes of Paradise are flinging  
 Flowers of Eternal Life that fade below.

## TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Blest, Oh, Grasshopper! art thou,  
 Seated on the lofty bough,  
 Sipping glittering drops of dew,  
 Singing songs for ever new.  
 Like a king thou look'st around  
 O'er the finely-cultured ground:  
 Whate'er the laughing seasons bear,  
 As they pursue the circling year;  
 The rose, the olive, and the vine—  
 All, all thou ever seest is thine.  
 The rough rude tiller of the earth  
 Joys to hear thy harmless mirth:  
 Nay, thy sweet prophetic song  
 Foretelling summer-days, among  
 The green leaves floating, mortals all  
 Cheering, soft, delightful call.  
 The very muses, and their king  
 Phœbus, love to hear thee sing—  
 Nay, the latter taught, they say,  
 Thy merry song to wind away.  
 Old age on thee, and on thy strain  
 Exerts its withering power in vain,  
 Thou earth-born master of the lay,  
 All unlike a child of clay!  
 Unsuffering, fleshless, free, thy fate  
 Is like the happy gods' estate.

## SONNET TO MINERVA.

Stern Maid of Heaven, protectress of the wise,  
 Why didst thou e'er forsake Athena's towers?  
 Why from her mart of thought, her olive bowers,  
 Didst thou avert thy lore-inspiring eyes?  
 Is it that fickleness usurps the skies;

## THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

Or that all states have their unhappy hours;  
 Or that the Gods withdraw their sacred dowers,  
 When man from virtue's narrow pathway flies?  
 Be as it may, return thee to the spot;  
 Think of no ancient wrongs, O Goddess, now.  
 Be all her failings—be thy wrath forgot;  
 And what thou canst for fallen Athena show.  
 Extend thy ægis o'er thy ruined fane,  
 And give its ancient glory back again.

R. P.

## A BLESSED SPOT.

*(From the Fourth Number of the Liberal.)*

FROM AN EPIGRAM OF ABULFADHEL AHMED, SURNAMED AL HAMADANI,  
 RECORDED IN D'HERBELOT.

HAMADAN is my native place;  
 And I must say, in praise of it,  
 It merits, for its ugly face,  
 What every body says of it.

It's children equal it's old men  
 In vices and avidity;  
 And they reflect the babes again  
 In exquisite stupidity.

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